The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

[Knowing that your Miscellany has an extensive circulation among readers of taste; and desirous that "the soul-subduing quality" should be universally felt, I send you an Essay on Sensibility, being an Academic exercise. By a gentleman of distinguished celebrity in the literary world. There are some souls so refined as to look upon a marble heart as the finest accomplishment of their natures. They have struggled with their feelings, and established an artificial insensibility in their breasts; yes, there are some natures, such is the false pride of the world, there are some natures, that are ashamed to weep, and when impolite nature has surprised them, they have blushed at the unfashionable tear. This is the only blush which disgraces the human face: the blush of modesty is the fair index of merit; and the blush of ingenuous shame is the happy symptom of returning virtue; but a blush like this is inverted humanity, and their guardian angel blushes to behold it. Let little souls; let the jovial sons of pleasure laugh at a tear: let them ridicule it as the unmanly infirmity of weak and virgin bosoms; as the melancholy delight of solitary, joyless, gloomy souls....Alas! unhappy men! strangers to virtue, strangers to rapture too! famished voluptuaries, they know not the costly luxury of a tear! Professors of pleasure, mistaken men! ye are wide of its source; friendly, the gentle hand that will lead you to it. A virtuous tear, what is it? It is the majesty of man: it is the triumph of heroic virtue. An angel need not blush to weep, for a more than angel wept over the grave of a friend. Let us inscribe upon our hearts what reason and heaven have written in the page of truth;

Not he who cannot weep, but he who can,
Shows the great soul, and proves himself a man.

Sensibility is a spring of pity. Pity is a gentle, lovely, virgin feeling. There is something soft, and fair, and dove-like in it. It is the sweetness of our feelings, the delicacy of tenderness, the mildness of the breast. It will soon discover itself in a reader, who reads in an audible voice. His pauses, his tones, his emphasis, all will tell what is passing within. The muscles of his face become contracted, and his brow knit, when he reads of "man's inhumanity to man." But when the imagery of his book points to the hand of beneficence kindly extended, to relieve him who wants, how his eyes sparkle with pleasure! His cheeks glow! & his whole form becomes animated. It is, indeed, a most pleasing sight. Some will call this enthusiasm; let them call it what they will; the hand of beneficence kindly extended to relieve, is human nature's most graceful movement, and an angel's happiest attitude; but gratitude, bathing that hand in tears, is as fair an image. The heart of gratitude is as rich, the generous impulse of her soul as strong, and her wish to confer happiness as ardent, as that of liberality can be, but her hand is poor. It is this which stings her feelings....she was going to rise, but this chains her down. How does she envy the possessors of wealth! How does she wish for a smile from fortune; I was going to say, how does she pant to hear her benefactor groan; and for riches, to enable her to turn that groan to a song. Friendly cruelty! generous avarice!]

ON SENSIBILITY.

AN ACADEMIC EXERCISE.

LIFE (that universal fountain of beauty and happiness) in the gradual scale of nature, displays itself in different kinds and degrees of excellency. It blooms in the vegetable world in a bright display of colour, and exhibits a richness, beauty, and elegance of scenery. It breathes through animal nature a still livelier charm: it plays in the harmonious circulation, it glows in the lovely aspect of health, and shines in the human face with a kind of divinity.

These are its beautiful expressions in the vegetable and animal world: thus it blooms in the one, and thus it breathes in the other. In the mental world it shines with a diviner lustre still. The noblest life in all its glory, throbs, burns, and triumphs there.

Mind....mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains,
Of beauteous and sublime.

This is life in all its majesty! *Sensibility* is the glorious life of the soul, the health of the heart, the glory of the bosom....it thrills, and circulates through the heart-strings, dilates the breast, and kindles all the liberal affections.

This feeling is possessed in various degrees, some bosoms are hard to melt, the current of their affections is frozen; their feelings are rough and unpolished; their taste rude and inelegant; their pleasures gross and animal. Other souls are more civilized; they are refined, and softened with nicer affections. But there is an higher rank than these. There is an order of more elegant souls still: souls whose heart-strings are finely spun, and nicely attuned: trembling in the delicacy of exquisite refinement, vibrating with the thrill of ethereal bliss, alive to the gentlest whisper of nature.

Nice machinery! how fair the symmetry! how fine the springs! how harmonious the movement! Illustrious minds, souls ethereal! congenial with angels! the nobility of intellectual order! rich in the lustre of sumptuous feeling, graced with the polish of mental elegance, and crowned with the fair majesty of virtue.

Sensibility is the fairest growth of the human heart; it branches out into many amiable dispositions and generous affections; and blossoms into beautiful flowers of virtuous and elegant joy.

Sensibility inspires with gratitude. When a heart of warm sensibility receives a benefaction, in a moment the kindred affections are alive, and the grateful feelings rise instinctive. It glows with a generous flame; it melts into tenderness and love. The swelling tide of warm affections gushes from the speaking eye, to thank the liberal hand.

The ductile feelings of a susceptible heart quickly admit the impressions which the hand of liberality makes. Gratitude is one of the most noble and amiable feelings which human nature can indulge. It is the reception of a benefit with a grace, with an air of dignity, it shines with reflected lustre. Gratitude is not eclipsed by the virtue which kindles it; it emulates its parent virtue, and shines with a rival flame.

The wish of beneficence is to kindle a delight in the bosom of its object; the breathings of gratitude tell her that the flame is kindled, and bless the hand that kindled it. The accent of gratitude thrills with such ecstacy in the ear of liberality as amply repays her for the smile she has breathed into her bosom. Gratitude is the payment of the debt it owes; it cancels the obligation, and balances the account! this is the incense which rises in the upper world; the harmony of heaven is the voice of gratitude.

Let us, for a moment, look back to Eden's happy realm! seat of innocence and love, where love was the harmony, the smile, and the rapture of the scene. This love, which happy Eden knew, this love with a tear in her eye is a picture of pity; and is she not an angel? In Eden she was ever smiling, for the happy lambs used to play at her feet: here, she is ever weeping over the bleeding lamb. And say? Does the tear she sheds sully the lustre of her beauty? Is it not an elegant charm? Is it not a comely tear? Surely, the guardian spirits that smiled on Eden would embrace their weeping daughter with a milder complacency, and love her the more for the tear in her eye.

Sensibility is the source of charity. It is sensibility that breathes the sympathetic sigh, that streams the tear of tenderness, that kindles the benevolent wish, that extends the relieving hand; blest hand! Let the hand of grandeur grasp a sceptre; let the hand of valour hurl the thunder-bolt of war; but charity's kinder hand wipes away the tear of agony, and gently binds up the broken heart. Illustrious hand! soon shalt thou lay hold on the crown of glory. Ignobler bosoms burn for riches, for honours, for crowns: ignobler bosoms burn for these meaner things; but charity's more celestial breast pants to bless the whole world if she could. Kind philanthropist! she smiles on all, and would bless all if it were in her power. She cannot do all she would. She lifts up a thankful eye, and blesses Heaven for what she can.

Charity is the fairest virtue of man; the most graceful ornament of human nature! it is the smile of our virtues; the brightest star in the constellation. It is the honey-dew of our feelings, which gently distils upon the vale of life, dresses the flowers in a finer bloom, and scents them with a richer fragrance.

Charity is a splendid pillar of human virtue, and pronounces a silent yet striking panegyric on the fallen fabric; its language is

"The fabric once was great."

Charity is the daughter of Heaven, and Heaven's favourite daughter too....Often she looks up to the celestial Eden that blissful Eden she burns to reach. Blest spirit! Expand thy wings! soon shalt thou mount to thy native skies, where every face is a smile, and where every bosom is love.

These are one, or two, of those amiable dispositions with which sensibility adorns human nature. It is sensibility that burns in the heart of gratitude, that weeps in the eye of pity; that smiles in the countenance of charity: and, surely, I may add, it blushes in the cheek of modesty; throbs in the bosom of friendship: flames in the patriot breast, and shines in the lamp of devotion.

Sensibility is the rich fountain of the fond endearments, the smiles of life, and all the gentler virtues that sweeten, harmonize, and polish the domestic scene. It is the spring of all the tender sympathies, the soft relentings, the lovely affections that enrich and embellish human nature; that breathe a perfume through all the scene of humanity, and shed a celestial lustre upon the moral world.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

History.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

[In perusing your paper of last week, I observed a biographical sketch of Judge Minot. I could have wished the writer had entered more fully into the subject; and that his account of the writings of our late illustrious fellow-citizen had not been so brief. The "Continuation of the History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, from the year 1748; with an Introductory Sketch of Events from its Original Settlement," is a work of great merit, and should be in the hands of every American. It is a pleasing reflection that no department of literature among us is cultivated with more assiduity than that of history; and though no historian has yet arisen who can vie with those who have so recently shone in Great-Britain, we have several who, for diligence and fidelity, deserve no inconsiderable praise. The work of Governor Hutchinson is well known as a judicious and faithful narrative of the events of the Colony of Massachusetts, to the year 1750. Though it is no where so expressed, Judge Minot's performance is evidently a continuation of that history. In the eighth chapter of Mr. M's book is exhibited a comparative view of the political schemes of Great-Britain and France in relation to America, and of their respective claims to its territories, which gave rise to the commencement of hostilities on the western frontiers, in the year 1754. The threatening aspect of this war, between those two great and rival nations, induced the colonists to devise a plan of UNION, which, as containing the germ of that confederacy which afterwards took place, will be interesting to those who trace the origin and progress of events. By giving it entire from chapter ix. you will doubtless benefit the rising generation, and oblige a

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THE Six Nations of Indians were justly regarded by the English of so much consequence as to induce the commissioners for plantations to direct a general convention of delegates from all the governments to be held for treating with them, and securing their friendship, particularly as they had been disgusted by neglect lately experienced from the agents of the Province of New-York. To this meeting, which was held at Albany, on the 14th of June, 1754, Massachusetts, with five other provinces, sent commissioners. It is remarkable that this government not only empowered the commissioners to act upon the object of the letter from the lords commissioners for trade and the plantations, at whose direction this convention

was held, but likewise to enter into articles of union and confederation with the other governments, for the general defence of his majesty's subjects and interests in North-America, as well in time of peace as of war: and the latter part of this commission was not directly expressed in any other delegation excepting that of Maryland, and the instruction in that was only to observe what should be proposed by others upon this subject.

At the convention, were about 150 men only of the Six Nations assembled; the affairs of the Indians were fully discussed, and their interests secured by large presents. The delegates stated the title of the English to their settlements in North-America, and the encroachments of the French upon them; and concluded that their further advances should be prevented; that the Indians should be secured by a wise superintendancy, by a regulation of their trade, and by building a fort for the safety of each nation; that the free navigation of the lakes should be maintained by sufficient naval armaments; that all purchases of lands made of the Indians, unless when assembled in their public councils, or when they might be made by the governments within whose jurisdiction the lands lie, should be made void; and that patentees of large unsettled territories should be obliged to settle them in a reasonable time.

The convention further gave an opinion, that enquiry should be made, and redress afforded the Indians, relative to fraudulent conveyances of their lands; that the bounds of those colonies which extend to the South-Sea should be contracted and limited by the Alleghany and Apalachian Mountains; and that there should be a union of the colonies, that so their counsels, treasure and strength, might be employed, in due proportion, against the common enemy.

The commissioners of Massachusetts reported, that a doubt arose in the convention as to dividing the union, at least into two districts, from the great extent of territory included within it; but the probability that the designs of the enemy would require the united strength and counsels of the whole British continent, and that the affairs of the Indians would demand the direction of one undivided power, overruled an idea which, if executed, must have much enfeebled, if not finally ruined, the strength of the whole.

The plan of union was as follows, viz.

It is proposed that humble application be made for an act of Parliament of Great-Britain, by virtue of which one general government may be formed in America, including all the said colonies (Massachusetts Bay, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode-Island, New-York, New-Jersy, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina and South-Carolina): within and under which government, each colony may retain its present constitution, except in the particulars wherein a change may be directed by the said act, as hereafter follows.

President-General and Grand Council.—That the said general government be administered by a President-General, to be appointed and supported by the crown; and a Grand Council, to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several colonies, met in their respective assemblies.

Election of Members.—That within—— months after the passing of such act, the Houses of Representatives that happen to be sitting within that time, or that shall be especially for that purpose convened, may and shall choose members for the Grand Council in the following proportion, that is to say:

Massachusetts Bay	7
New-Hampshire	2
Connecticut	5
Rhode-Island	2
New-York	4
New-Jersy	3
Pennsylvania	6
Maryland	4
Virginia	7
North-Carolina	4
South-Carolina	4
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Place of first Meeting.—Who shall meet, for the first time, at the city of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, being called by the President-General as soon as conveniently may be after his appointment.

New Election.—That there shall be a new election of the members of the Grand Council every three years; and, on the death or resignation of any member, his place shall be supplied by a new choice, at the next sitting of the Assembly of the colony he represented.

Proportion of the Members after the first three years.—That after the first three years, when the proportion of money arising out of each colony to the general treasury can be known, the number of members to be chosen for each colony shall, from time to time, in all ensuing elections, be regulated by that proportion (yet so as that the numbers to be chosen by any one province be not more than seven, nor less than two.)

Meetings of the Grand Council and Call.—That the Grand Council shall meet once in every year, and oftner if occasion require, at such time and place as they shall adjourn to at the last preceding meeting, or as they shall be called to meet at, by the President-General, on any emergency; he having first obtained, in writing, the consent of seven of the members to such call, and sent due and timely notice to the whole.

Continuance.—That the Grand Council have power to choose their Speaker; and shall neither be dissolved, prorogued, nor continued sitting longer than six weeks at one time, without their own consent, or the special command of the crown.

Members' Attendance.—That the members of the Grand Council shall be allowed for their services ten shilling sterling per diem, during their session and journey to and from the place of meeting; twenty miles to be reckoned; a day's journey.

Assent of President-General, and his Duty.—That the assent of the President-General be requisite to all acts of the Grand Council; and that it be his office and duty to cause them to be carried into execution.

Power of President-General and Grand Council—Treaties of Peace and War.—That the President-General, with the advice of the Grand Council, hold or direct all Indian treaties in which the general interest of the colonies may be concerned, and make peace, or declare war with Indian nations.

Indian Trade.—That they may make such laws as they judge necessary for regulating all Indian trade.

Indian Purchases.—That they make all purchases from the Indians for the crown, of lands not now within the bounds of particular colonies, or that shall not be within their bounds when some of them are reduced to more convenient dimensions.

New Settlements.—That they make new settlements on such purchases, by granting lands in the King's name, reserving a quit-rent to the crown, for the use of the general treasury.

Laws to govern them.—That they make laws for regulating and governing such new settlements, till the crown shall think fit to form them into particular governments.

Raise Soldiers, and equip Vessels, &c.—That they raise and pay soldiers, build forts for the defence of any of the colonies,

and equip vessels of force, to guard the coasts, and protect the trade on the ocean, lakes, or great rivers; but they shall not impress men in any colony without the consent of the Legislature.

Power to make Laws, lay Duties, &c.—That for these purposes they have power to make laws, and lay and levy such general duties, imposts, or taxes, as to them shall appear most equal and just (considering the ability and other circumstances of the inhabitants in the several colonies), and such as may be collected with the least inconvenience to the people; rather discouraging luxury than loading industry with unnecessary burdens.

General Treasurer and Particular Treasurer.—That they may appoint a General Treasurer and Particular Treasurer in each government, when necessary; and, from time to time; may order the sums in the treasuries of each government into the general treasury, or draw on them for special payments, as they find most convenient.

Money, how to issue.—Yet no money to issue but by joint orders of the President-General and Grand Council, except where sums have been appropriated to particular purposes, and the President-General has been previously empowered by an act to draw for such sums.

Accounts.—That the general accounts shall be yearly settled, and reported to the several assemblies.

Quorum.—That a quorum of the Grand Council, empowered to act with the President-General, do consist of twenty-five members, among whom there shall be one or more from the majority of the colonies.

Laws to be transmitted.—That the laws made by them, for the purposes aforesaid, shall not be repugnant, but, as near as may be, agreeable to the laws of England, and shall be transmitted to the king in council, for approbation, as soon as may be after their passing; and if not disapproved within three years after presentation, to remain in force.

Death of the President-General.—That in case of the death of the President-General, the Speaker of the Grand Council for the time being shall succeed, and be vested with the same powers and authorities, to continue till the king's pleasure be known.

Officers, how appointed.—That all military commission officers, whether for land or sea service, to act under this general constitution, shall be nominated by the President-General; but the approbation of the Grand Council is to be obtained before they receive their commissions. And all civil officers are to be nominated by the Grand Council, and to receive the President-General's approbation before they officiate.

Vacancies, how supplied.—But in case of vacancy, by death, or removal of any officer, civil or military, under this constitution, the Governor of the province in which such vacancy happens, may appoint till the pleasure of the President-General and Grand Council can be known.

Each Colony may defend itself on emergency, &c.—That the particular military, as well as civil establishments in each colony, remain in their present state, the general constitution notwithstanding; and that, on sudden emergencies, any colony may defend itself, and lay the accounts of expence thence arising before the President-General and Grand Council, who may allow and order payment of the same as far as they judge such accounts reasonable.

In contemplating this instrument, one can hardly suppress an enthusiastic spirit of conjecture upon the state of America and Europe, had it taken place. Although it be short of the present well-digested and skilful system operating upon the United States, yet it evidently sprung from the same principles, and, if connected with the strong government of Great-Britain, probably would have lasted so long as greatly to retard, perhaps for ever to prevent, the revolution of 1776, and its extensive consequences. Blinded by fatal national prejudices, the British colonies would yet, perhaps, have considered French, Spaniards, and other foreign nations, as their natural enemies; and that connection, which imparted blessings of liberty till then unknown, to communities now, by her example, emancipated from their political chains, might never have been formed. The commerce of America, so diffused through new channels in Asia and the north-west coast of her own continent, might still have been restricted by the hand of monopoly; and the prospect of reformation, by rational and deliberate means, in her parent country, to the equal enjoyment of civil and religious principle, which is yet to be hoped for, might never have opened.

The apprehensions of the British cabinet, however, seem to have been founded on a different expectation. They contemplated the plan of union as calculated too strongly to demonstrate the ability of the colonies to defend themselves; whilst the controul of the crown over the administration was too feeble to insure its eventual superiority. They preferred advancing monies to secure their dominions, which should be drawn for by the general government in America, but raised by their own authority within the colonies. Entertaining these principles, they rejected the plan for want of sufficient powers in the throne; whilst the provincial governments, fearing that the royal prerogative would have too prevailing an influence, united in the same decision from opposite principles: and the maturing and adopting of this important scheme in North-America was reserved for her separate and independent authority, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XII.

ON HOMER'S ILIAD.

"Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.

MILTON.

THE ILIAD of HOMER is the most ancient epic poem in the world. He flourished about *nine hundred years* before the birth of Christ. His immortal work is distributed into twenty-four books. Its subject is the war of Troy, and most of his descriptions are stamped with all the characteristic marks of beauty and sublimity.

On such a topic, therefore, a few *reflections* may not be unacceptable. The curiosity is strongly excited respecting works of genius, especially those of ancient times. Such productions should not be confined to the learned alone. With their contents, the scholar indeed is intimately acquainted. But it is our wish to lay open to the sight of ALL this venerable temple of antiquity!

The subject of this noble poem first claims our attention. A sketch of its constituent parts will enable us the more fully to estimate the whole production. It shall be presented the reader in a few words.

Agamemnon, who was appointed general in chief of the allied army of the Grecians during the siege of Troy, was possessed of a fair captive, *Chryseis* by name, and daughter of one of *Apollo*'s priests; who came to the Grecian camp a suppliant on his daughter's behalf, and offered an handsome ransome to Agamemnon for her release; but being unsuccessful, and even contumeliously repulsed by him, *Apollo*, at the entreaty of the offended *priest*, and in revenge of the insult done him by *Agamemnon*, afflicts and lays waste the whole Grecian army by a plague. The Greeks, summoned by Achilles, meet in council, & *Calchas*, the seer, encouraged and seconded

by him, declares that the plague was sent by Apollo as a punishment of Agamemnon's injurious treatment of his priest, in not accepting the ransom and releasing his captive daughter; and that therefore in order to appease the God and save the army, *Chryseis* must be restored. The occasion being so very urgent, *Agamemnon*, though highly incensed, resolves to return his fair and favourite captive to her father; but after first quarrelling most grievously with *Achilles* who summoned the council and encouraged the proceedings; the next step he takes is to force away from him in return his most favourite captive, *Briseis*. *Achilles*, highly affronted at so injurious a treatment, withdraws himself from the army, and obtains of *Jupiter* a promise, by the intercession of his mother, the goddess *Thetis*, to revenge him, by making the Trojans too powerful for the Greeks, and even suffering them to destroy them at the very fleet. In consequence of the will of *Jupiter*, the Trojans, under the conduct of *Hector*, drive the Grecians, from the plains with so great a defeat, that *Agamemnon*, by the advice of the generals in council, sends ambassadors to *Achilles*, to try if they could persuade him, by entreaties and gifts, to return to the camp; but all in vain: he haughtily rejects their prayers and promises, and dismisses them roughly; but afterwards his most favourite friend, *Patroclus*, at the instigation of *Nestor*, by earnest and importunate entreaties, obtains leave of him to assist his countrymen and go against the Trojans, and that even in his own armour. The aid of *Patroclus* is at first of very great service to the Greeks, and repels the Trojans; but he venturing too far into the plain, is afterwards killed by *Hector*, who strips him of *Achilles*'s armour and wears it himself. The melancholy news of his friend *Patroclus*'s death, and loss of his own armour, reaching the ears of *Achilles*, so provokes him, that in order to revenge these high injuries, he renounces his anger, and what neither entreaties nor promises could ever effect, returns to the army, and is even reconciled to *Agamemnon*. After cloathing himself in his new armour, which his mother *Thetis* brought him from *Vulcan*, he turns at length his splean against *Hector* and his Trojans; and after several encounters he pursues him thrice round Troy's walls, and at last comes up with him and kills him. He then drags him at his chariot wheels in the sight of the Trojans, and for twelve days together about the tomb of *Patrocles*. Having now fully satiated his anger, he celebrated funeral games in honour of his dead friend. In the conclusion of the poem, *Priam* himself, under the conduct of *Mercury*, comes by night to his tent to beg the body of his son *Hector*, which is restored to him for a large ransom, carried back to Troy, and honourably interred. Such is the plot or ground-work of this celebrated poem. The genius of *Homer* has converted these incidents into a most interesting production.

To enumerate the distinct excellencies of this poem will not be expected. Each book has its peculiar beauties. A few of its prominent features shall be brought forward. The invention of the poet, his characters, and the tendency of the work, shall pass beneath our review.

Under the *invention* of the poet we rank his choice of the snbject, and the machinery by which it is decorated. In the present poem the former is well chosen, the latter interesting and sublime. What better subject could have been chosen for epic poetry than the war of Troy? The confederacy of the Grecian States under one leader for a series of ten years against this celebrated city, filled the ancient world with astonishment! This, then, is the subject on which the genius of Homer seized for the display of his poetic powers. His machinery is replete with intellectual grandeur. It was near to the age of gods and demi-gods! The interference of the heavenly powers, confers upon the poem a dignified solemnity. The manner of their interposition irresistibly interests the attention. We are overwhelmed by the magnificence of the scene. "When we look upon his machinery," says the ingenious Mr. Pope, "Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings and firing the heavens.

Characters which are closely connected with the invention of the poet, are involved under the article of simplicity. His are the characters of nature. The ordinary appearances of the human race were by Homer faithfully pourtrayed. In this sense he may be justly stiled a dramatic writer. Dialogue abounds from the begining to the end of the poem. Hence, indeed, has he been accused in some instances of tediousness. But his minuteness is amply recompensed by the faithful portraitures which he delineates. In this respect Homer resembles scripture, next to which he is the most ancient author in the world.

Out of the various exhibitions of character in the Iliad, it would be difficult to make a selection. The character of *Helen* is well sketched, particularly in the third book, where the old generals behold her with admiration. The affection of *Andromache* is feelingly depicted. Her parting with *Hector* is a most affecting scene. He is about to enter the field of battle where he falls. She anticipates the sad event. The fright of the child which she held in her arms, and the whole affair is stamped with the divinity of genius:

..... "The illustrious chief of Troy,
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy;
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest:
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hastened to relieve his child.
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmit on the ground;
Then kis'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods proferr'd a father's prayer:
O thou! whose glory fills the etherial throne,
And all ye dethless powers—protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans—to defend the crown;
Against his country's foe the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant, from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say—This chief transcends his father's fame;
While pleas'd amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose and with a smile survey'd;
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
..... The glorious chief of Troy resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes;
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at every look—then moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe."

POPE'S TRANSLATION.

Having thus noticed the characters of Homer, the language in which their sentiments were conveyed is deserving attention. It is peculiarly simple and expressive. Of this the Greek scholar is soon apprised. It is destitute of those violent inversions with which more modern writers abound. Every word seemed to have dropt from the mouth of the speaker, and even appears to have been the very identical words uttered on the occasion. The language is not hampered by the per-

plexity of art—it is what the heart itself has dictated.

With respect to the tendency of the poem, it is highly practical. The pernicious effects of anger are strikingly pointed out. Its evils are delineated by the hand of a master. We cannot but deplore the quarrel of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, when we contemplate the devastations it occasioned. The very first lines are expressive of its great moral, and on this part of the subject nothing more need be added :—

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to *Pluto's* gloomy reign,
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!

That this epic production is nevertheless not without its defects, must be acknowledged. The chief objection arises from the nakedness of the manners which Homer hath described. But this circumstance is resolved into the state of those early times. Unaccustomed to that politeness to which we have habituated ourselves, things are related in the simple style in which they occurred. The Iliad of Homer is a *mirror*, and has therefore reflected the simple, undisguised manners of the times with truth and impartiality. On this divine poem we could have enlarged with great pleasure. The unlearned reader is referred to *Pope's* translation, which possesses very considerable merit. The scholar will naturally have recourse to the fountain head, where he will taste the classic stream in all its richness and purity.

To the celebrity of Homer numerous have been the testimonies. That of *Rapin*, in his comparison of Homer and Virgil, is peculiarly descriptive.—"Homer has in the fable of his poem a most large and noble foundation to build upon: his characters are greatly extended; he has more grandeur and more of the sublime than others; he paints things better; his images are more finished and perfect pieces: his reflections have more morality in them, and are more sententious; his fancy is richer and more pregnant; his wit more universal; he is master in all professions, poet, orator, philosopher, geographer, artisan, as he pleases; he entertains us with more variety in the management of his fable; he has more of that impetuosity that raises and elevates the fancy; his expressions have more life, more strength and energy in them; he is of a more happy genius, and has more of the temper and complexion of the poet than others; his verses are more pompous and stately; they more delight the ear of those that understand the beauty of poetry with their number and cadence; finally, he is more natural, his greatest art being to seem *without art*, painting every thing after *nature*."

Besides the *Iliad*, Homer produced another poem, entitled the *Odyssey*, which describes the the wanderings of the Grecian *Ulysses* in his return from the war of Troy. It contains a most pleasing delineation of domestic manners. But on this subject we must not enlarge. To conclude in the words of Hawkesworth :—Homer in the Iliad resembles the river Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deafens and astonishes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the Odyssey, he is still like the same Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuse fertility and fatness over the peaceful plains of Egypt."

THE PLAINTIFF.

NO. VI.

..... The long demurring maid
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

BLAIR.

MR. EDITOR,

Convinced that my case is no less lamentable than any which has hitherto claimed your attention, I shall without apology or preface, unbosom my sorrows, and state my grievances.

I am a maiden lady of fifty, possessing a fortune not inconsiderable. My father was a rich merchant, who married a lady remarkable for her talents in the different departments of housewifery. Being the eldest of their two daughters, my parents were uncommonly solicitous to bestow on me a good education, and to have me fully initiated into what is called *a knowledge of the world*. They liberally stored my mind with maxims, which (although I received them with veneration), I did not understand; but which, when I came to years of maturity, I resolved to follow, without examining their propriety, or considering their consequence.

At the usual time, I was ushered into the world as a girl fully armed against all the wiles of artifice, and the fascinations of flattery. I was taught to consider every man who courted my favour as a gallant or debauchee, if he did not perform some extraordinary piece of kindness for me, or was unwilling to be received by me upon the terms of a slave.

With rigid punctuality I performed the injunctions laid on me by my parents. My life was spent in one insipid round of solicitation and rejection. I found none of my admirers so frantic, as to lie down and break their hearts at my indifference, or to go and sigh to the woods and streams for my cruelty. It is true, I received many woeful ballads, but as I found these went far beyond reality, I concluded (perhaps justly) that their authors could not be sincere. In short, (not to tire your patience) I was found to be a creature who in a manner breathed in another atmosphere, who was not willing to partake the common lot of humanity, and who acted only as interest directed, or age enjoined.

While I was thus engaged, my younger sister made an elopement with a neighbouring grocer's son; with whom she had exchanged a few glances, while purchasing some articles for the use of the family. My father, as may naturally be conceived, was at first irreconcileable. But the young man's father being a constant customer of my father's, an agreement was happily effected before any severe measures had been taken.

Thus, while my sister was *laudably* (I must say) performing her duty to society, I was spending my time in useless enquiries, suspicions, and deliberations; till the time of action was over, and the possibility of choice precluded.

Robbed by the hand of time of all those attractions which awaken and cherish the tender sentiment of love, I am become the derision of my enemies, the sport of the young, and the contempt of the aged. If I enter at any time into the assemblies of youth and gaiety, I may expect to meet the glances of the whole company, while a low titter, circling around, conveys to my ears the invidious epithet of, "An old maid."

If again I seek for relief among those whom age has rendered more grave and solemn, I meet with a mortification no less grievous. They look upon me either as one, who by some disgusting peculiarity has excluded herself from the joys of connubial felicity, or as a misanthrope, who has shut herself up from the burdens and care of the marriage state to enjoy the quiet of celibacy. Had I followed the sage advice of my favourite author, this had not been my present situation. "There are goods," says he, "so opposed, that we cannot seize both, but, by too much prudence, may pass between them at too great a distance to reach either. This is often the fate of long consideration; he does nothing, who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity. Flatter not your-

self with contrarieties of pleasure. Of the blessings set before you, make your choice and be content*."

Advanced to my fiftieth year, I look back with regret on a life spent to little or no purpose, unless, Sir, may conduct may serve as a warning to others, against that false scrupulousness in the choice of a husband, which has ruined my happiness, and rendered me more an object of pity than of censure.

I remain, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
LYDIA MARLOW.

* Johnson.

New-York,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1802.

☞ A communication from "Mr. MERCIER" is received; but it having been once before the public, has not sufficient merit to entitle it to a re-publication. It is evidently the production of a juvenile writer; and we would advise him to allow himself more time for the perfection of his compositions.

The Drama.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE.

January 25. A new comedy, entitled *Modern Magic; or, The Writing Desk*, from the prolific pen of Kotzebue, was this evening presented to "a thin audience." This is the same piece which was published in London, some time since, under the title of *The Writing Desk; or, Youth in Danger*, which we think the more appropriate title. At no period, we believe, has the rage for alterations and amendments been more prevalent than the present; as we seldom see a play, translated by different persons, or performed at different Theatres, bear the same title. As this piece has been some time before the public, each reader can judge for himself; but we believe most of them will acknowledge, that they expected more from the author of Pizarro. It is much better suited to the closet than the stage. The dramas of Kotzebue abound in morality; and we frequently meet with those exquisite touches of sympathy, and native sensibility, which speak to the heart, and enchain our attention.

The characters were personated as follows:

Goodwin	*Mr. Hodgkinson.*
Herman	*Hogg.*
Sharp	*Hallam, jun.*
Mr. Erlen	*Tyler.*
Ensign Erlen . . .	*Cooper.*
Baron Boldenstern	*Fox.*
Selby	*Martin.*
Allen	*Robinson.*
Mrs. Erlen	*Mrs. Melmoth.*
Sophia	*Miss E. A. Westray.*
Countess of Apewit .	*Mrs. Simpson.*
Madame Lupnitz . .	*Hogg.*
Emily	*Miss Harding.*

The characters are, in general, drawn with considerable ability; though none of them, perhaps, have the merit of originality.

Mr. Goodwin is a young man of an amiable disposition, and possessing an excellent heart, but he is credulous and fond of gambling. The author has produced a happy succession of incidents, which effectually cure him of credulity, and his propensity to gambling. This is the principal part of the plot.

Mr. Erlen was formerly a man in good circumstances, and had been on terms of friendship with Mr. Goodwin's father, who was a merchant, and whom he (Mr. Erlen) had lent seven thousand dollars. This money had been concealed in a private draw of a writing-desk, and, at the death of the elder Goodwin, the desk came into the possession of Mr. Erlen. Goodwin died suddenly the day after he had received the money; and there had been no entry made of it in the books. This misfortune had brought the Erlen family to absolute poverty; and an officer of the police makes his appearance to seize their household goods. Erlen bears his misfortune with the fortitude of a man, and the resignation of a christian. He goes to the desk & takes out his papers; having done this, the officer asks him if he is sure there is no secret draw. Erlen informs him he knows of none. The officer then examines the desk, and finds one, which contains seven thousand dollars, and a letter of advice to young Goodwin. Erlen looks at the money, and recognizes his own bills, which were put up just as they were when he gave them to the elder Goodwin. He insists upon presenting them and the letter to young Goodwin, and relating the manner in which they were found. This is done. Goodwin accepts the letter but not the money; and Erlen returns home in the possession of wealth and happiness.

Ensign Erlen, the son of the above gentleman, had embraced a military life, not from choice, but from necessity. He is employed as a secret agent throughout the piece; and discovers all the schemes which are put in practice to deceive, and extort money from Mr. Goodwin.

Baron Boldenstern exhibits a true picture of the fashionable gentleman. We hope the youthful part of the audience, particularly, have derived instruction from him.

Sophia is the daughter of Mr. Erlen, and is chambermaid to the *Countess of Apewit*, whose house Goodwin frequented, and lost considerable sums at play. Sophia warns him of his danger. This leads to an interview between him and Sophia (which the author has managed with skill and effect). Goodwin declares his passion to her. She is discharged from the Countess's service for informing Goodwin of the plots against him, and goes home to her parents. After Erlen's interview with Goodwin, he receives a visit from him. When Goodwin enters, he perceives Sophia and the Ensign embracing each other, which excites his jealousy, having never been informed that the Ensign was her brother. Mr. Erlen enters, and an explanation takes place, to the satisfaction of all parties. Goodwin receives Sophia from the hand of her father, which concludes the piece.

The performers, in general, exerted themselves to save the play: we must, however, select Mr. Tyler, whose *Erlen* was a spirited performance. We think the character of *Baron Boldenstern*, should have been given to Jefferson, as that is in his line of playing; and especially as Fox is so unfortunate as to be unable to determine in which line he excels.

The farce was *Modern Antiques; or, The Merry Mourners.*

January 27. *Modern Magic; or, The Writing-Desk;* with the pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe.*

January 29. Morton's comedy of *A Cure for the Heart-Ache;* with the entertainment of *The Irishman in London.* Mr. WILSON, from the Theatres Royal Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, made his first appearance, on these boards, in the character of *Frank Oatland.* An account of the *person* and *abilities* of this gentleman, shall be given in our next.

MARRIED,

At Springfield, New-Jersey, on Thursday last. Mr. ABRAHAM MERRET, to Miss REBECCA LAMB.

PRINTING,

IN all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.

Parnassian Garland.

ON FEMALE NEATNESS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Why, Celia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace;
As nature every morn bestows
The chrystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, Madam are you married?....Yes....
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen!
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.
Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love;
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty power to bless?
Pursue it still, be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ. BY ANTI PINDAR.

Pray, Peter Pindar, hold your roar,
Your scandal hurts not Hannah More;
Nor yet the prelate, whom you'd drub,
With hand profane and great hubbub.
Secundum artem, make a pill,
And, as of old, employ your skill;
Think that a puke, or, nauseous stuff,
May bring you money quite enough;
But do not laugh and play the fool,
For simpletons to take your rule;
Catch and turn a sordid penny,
At the cost of tagtails funny;
Will your scoff elude all shame,
And with success the best defame!
The muses blush, when you would say,
That she emits no lucid ray;
That genius, through some deviation,
Owns her not as a relation:
Now Peter, how shall folk be mute?
Behold your muse a prostitute.
I know you think her wond'rons fine,
Altho' a leering concubine;
Explore the bottom of her hill,
What once she was that she is still....
An infidel, in deep disguise,
And from her lips come winged lies.
Oh! the charming sprightly Peter,
You are reckon'd safe in satyr;
But let me warn you of her woe,
When you a fair one would undo;
"Drags the vile whisp'rer from his dark abode,
"'Till all the dæmon starts up from the toad."

REFLECTIONS

ON REVISITING A VILLAGE.

Hail, peaceful village! thou delightful scene
Of all my boyish sports! Sweet rural spot,
Which memory, "Parent of th' ideal hosts,"
And contemplation, heaven-born nymph, oft love
In magic tints to picture!
Hail ye shades
Of academe! where many a live-long hour
My daily task I've conn'd, anxious to hear
The clock strike twelve, glad sound of liberty.
Amid your haunts my infant mind put forth
Its earliest germs, beneath the fostering hand
Of him, whose heart with honest pride would glow,
What time with pleasure-sparkling eyes he view'd
(Sweet recompence for all his cares, his toils!)
Scions of genius blossom fair around.
There E——, lov'd companion of my youth!
We panted up the steep ascent that leads
To wisdom's sacred temple; there the flowers
Of classic lore we cull'd.
Thrice happy days!
When through the verdant, sweetly-winding paths
Of yonder garden, where luxuriant bloom
Pomona's stores, with nimble feet I stray'd,
And dulcet raspberries pluck'd.
Lo there the ash,
Beneath whose leafy canopy reclin'd,
The songs of Tityrus, the Mantuan swain,
And the Mœonian bard's mellifluentt srains,
Full oft have I perus'd. Where sterile weeds
And waving grass yon crumbling wall o'ertop,
Erst in my vacant hours a little spot
I us'd to cultivate; but ah! how oft
Hath some malicious cow my floral hopes
All, all destroyed! Misfortune to endure,
Is man's peculiar destiny, and pain
Embitters e'en the halcyon days of youth.
On the green margin of yon sedgy lake
Listless I sat, and watch'd the sportive frogs,
Or mark'd the pebble on the smooth expanse,
Increasing circles form.
In the low cot,
That peeps between those ivied church-yard elms,
An aged matron dwelt, whose toys and tarts
Mine eyes attracted, tempting me t' exhaust
My slender purse. How chang'd the scene!
Time was
When many an adage the decript dame,
With grave demeanor spoke, and with events
Of years long past, each listening elf amus'd,
But now, alas! her clay-cold limbs enshrin'd,
Beneath this hillock sleep the sleep of death!...
Nine times the tenants of yon leafy bower,
With descants shrill have hail'd the spring's return,
Since first I gambol'd on this daisied green
With joyous heart, and "urg'd the flying ball."
Hail, peaceful village! These thy sylvan scenes
A deep memento on my soul impress;
These bid me mark with what unnotic'd speed
Weeks, months, and years roll round; these bid me mark,
How soon dissolve the fairest, fondest hopes,
And trancing spells, that charm life's rosy morn.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Regard, my friend, this genuine strain
From friendship's artless lyre,
Which, to thy virtues justly due,
Thy virtues shall inspire,

Nor think the world-illumin'd blaze
Of velour's dread renown,
Nor all the steps ambition strides
To gain his lofty crown,

Alone demand the glowing song
Of everlasting fame:
The same bright energies are fann'd
By feeling's gentler flame.

Love, sensibility divine!
Are dearer to the heart;
And, then the deeds of glory, far
A happier strength impart.

One upright, sympathetic soul,
Th' *inglorious* muse can prize,
Above the chief whose thunders brave
The thunder of the kies!

And if that upright soul be thine,
And I....th' inglorious muse,
This simple tribute friendship gives,
Will Henry refuse!

O.

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